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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

He went to California, but did not stay, for the life of the boomer is far from gay. He went out with cash, but he turned on his track and quietly "bummed" his passage back; and as he tramped he sadly sang: "A returning boomer is a boomerang."

An eleven-year old boy of Sterling, Charlie A. Boyer, by name, has been traveling with a gang of thieves and acting as an "Oliver Twist" for them. One of his pals was beheaded at Kansas City last week, by the cars, and the boy has "given away" the entire gang.

The Santa Fe road has twenty-five efficient agents traveling through the eastern and southern states getting up excursions to Kansas, and distributing statistical advertising matter. Barton county people should take immediate measures to have all facts concerning her crops placed in the hands of these agents.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it, and it lasts for life—an incurable disease—Coffey.

WHERE there is a strike capital employs large numbers of armed men, Pinkerton detectives, to intimidate the strikers. Strikes are on the increase and so are the Pinkerton men. Some day there will be a bloody war between these two forces, the oppressed laboring men on one side and the hired police backed by the millionaire's gold on the other, and it will be a fight to the finish.

Boys, it is just as elegant, just as honorable to drive to town on a load of wheat, wearing a slouch hat, blue jeans overalls and a contented smile, as to stand behind a counter in woolen shirt and curled mustache. It is just as honorable and manly to follow the plow with pants tucked in your boots and a few honest dollars jingling in your jeans as to drive a three minute horse and smoke Colorado-Maduro's. It is as manly and in the long run a good deal more profitable physically, morally, intellectually and financially.

ANOTHER of the freaks of President Harrison took place recently. An old door-keeper at the White House who has held that position for a long time, being appointed by Gen. Grant and retained even by Mr. Cleveland, was discharged by President Harrison and a "negro" (Harrison spells negro with two g's now) of Indiana, was put in his place. This fellow the President brought with him from Indianapolis as his barber and hair dresser, and wishing to save expenses of paying him from his own pocket, he gave the fellow the job of door-keeper, which is, of course, paid by the government.—Ellinwood Advocate.

Its Mother Located.

The following from the Springfield, Mo., Republican, will probably clear up the mystery concerning the child abandoned recently on the platform of the Santa Fe depot at this place. Mayor O. B. Wilson made inquiries of the Springfield authorities, believing that the slight clues found with the child fixed the location of the inhuman mother at that city:

"The publication in the Republican of yesterday morning, exclusively, of the facts in connection with the child abandoned at Great Bend Kansas, has led to the discovery of the identity of the mother, and will result in providing the child with a home.

"Yesterday morning officer H. H. Snow received word from Chas. Toward, who lives at 931 St. Louis street, and is an employee in the Frisco shops, that if he would come out to Mr. Toward's house, he would receive some information regarding the child, the account of whose abandonment he had read in the Republican.

"Officer Snow drove out to Mr. Toward's where he was informed that in all probability the babe was the child of his sister, Mrs. Ellen Murry. Mrs. Murry had separated from her husband and had come to visit the Towards about three months ago. Six or eight weeks ago a child was born to her. Last Wednesday night she started with the child for Fort Worth, Tex., where her mother lives, or for Colorado, she was undecided which place, but before going had said that her mother had told her not to bring the child to Fort Worth. Mrs. Murry seemed for some reason to regard the child as a burden and had told the Towards that she would give it away. Mr. and Mrs. Toward have no doubt that the child abandoned at Great Bend is Mrs. Murry's child and will go there and if it proves to be the child will bring it back here and care for it. Mrs. Murry is a woman of about 32 years of age and is good looking. Nothing has been heard from her since her departure."

HOW IT CAN BE DONE.

A republican exchange heads a long political diatribe on "How to break up hard times," and the burden of its song is "protection." Of course we are all anxious to know how to loosen the throttle that is choking the life out of the American farmers, but we doubt if those same farmers can ever be made to believe that the hand which is twisting the rope about the necks of working classes is willing or anxious to break its hold. It does not stand the republican party in hand to "break up hard times" for the masses; the very life of that party lies in its power to control the monied interests of the land; hence its desire to protect, to foster and maintain the great monied combinations, and the closer the producer, the mechanic and the laborer are ground down the greater will be the power of that party.

To our minds, the only way that "hard times" can be broken is for men to arise above all political questions, to look at the actual needs of the nation regardless of what effect they may have on any political party; to ask themselves if they are as individuals, as men, doing anything to help strengthen the hold of the millionaire and the combination of capitalists called trusts. Few men are so stupid that they can not see the connection between individual benefits and general good; few men are so little educated upon questions of national importance that they cannot see how rapidly we are drifting into a government not of the people and for the people, but of money, for money.

If men desire to "break up hard times" let them seek the true cause of hard times and strike at the very root of the evil. It is not necessary to go back very far in the history of our land to see the beginning of the decline of labor and husbandry and the increase of capital and aristocracy.

Killed by Lightning.

Sudden death came to two young men last Friday afternoon about four o'clock with the swiftness of all known instruments of destruction—a stroke of lightning.

Wm. H. Mehrhoff and Wm. Trauer were stacking wheat in the field of Heney Lampe, brother-in-law of Mehrhoff, about ten miles west of Great Bend. They had started to drive to the house in a header box, when the fatal bolt descended from a quickly gathered cloud and in the flashing of an instant life had fled the snowy frames, and death, the conqueror of all, was master of the inanimate forms. The shock threw Mr. Trauer out of the wagon over the horses, and mangled his body frightfully, also knocked down one of the horses, but the animal recovered.

Wm. H. Mehrhoff was aged 31 years, six months and 24 days. He had been living with his father a man of considerable property, and an old settler, east of town near the Walnut. The funeral occurred Sunday, leaving the home of Henry Lampe at 1 p. m., the funeral services being conducted at the Congregational church at 4 p. m.

The bereaved and aged parents, have the deep sympathy of this community. Wm. Trauer was aged about 21 years; was a steady and industrious boy, well liked by all who knew him. His mother is at present living in Indiana, though she formerly lived in this county. He has two brothers still living in Barton county, both older than himself. His funeral occurred Saturday from the Lampe farm, where the men met their death.

Children Turn Out.

The children are awaiting with pleasurable anticipation the coming of Sells Brothers and Barrett's united shows. The children's dream of fairyland, exemplified with tiny golden chariots representing the gems of fairy lore—Old Mother Goose, Cinderella, Robinson Crusoe, The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, Santa Claus, Little Red Riding Hood, Blue Beard and the elfin tally ho coach will tickle the children, as nothing in the way of a circus parade ever did before. It is said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a philanthropist, and we might add that he who makes glad the hearts of all childhood as they have never been before deserves to be crowned High Priest of Fairyland. Sells Brothers and Barrett's will be remembered by the children with gratitude and pleasure. Children should see the novel procession it will make their hearts glad. On next Tuesday, the 6th inst., at about 10 o'clock, this great spectacular pageant will appear on our streets.

A Poem on Toads.

"Don't kill the toads, the ugly toads, that hop around your door. Each meal the hungry toad doth eat a hundred bugs or more; he sits around with aspect meek until the fly hath neared, then shoots he forth his little tongue like lightning double geared. And then doth wink, and when he's winked he shuts his ugly mug, and patiently doth wait until there comes another bug."

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Pawnee Rock "Leaders"

Frank Belt has 62 ricks of wheat. He says they will average 80 bushels to the rick.

According to F. T. Belt's record, we had seven inches of rain in April, and six in May.

Danl. B. Unruh, road overseer for this district, has been putting in some good work on the roads this week.

Pawnee Rock school district is in a flourishing condition, being out of debt with \$388.89 in the treasure hands.

Miss Edna Ivens, of Great Bend, has been engaged to teach the primary department of the Pawnee Rock school.

The farmers will sow turkey wheat almost exclusively this fall, as it has proved its self to be the wheat for this country.

Mr. Geo. Dufford's little boy sold some choice apples on our streets the other day. They were grown on Mr. Dufford's farm near Pawnee Rock.

David Conners, of south side, says he has 25 acres of early corn that will make a full crop without any more rain, and that his late corn is looking fine.

Rain Saturday night. Rain Monday night. Cold weather on Tuesday, and rain on Tuesday night. Wednesday and Thursday was just right, and on Friday we got another daisy rain. How is that for drouthy Kansas?

Ellinwood "Advocates"

P. B. Kimpler is out this week selling pianos and organs.

John Birchelt, north-east of town, threshed 64 bushels of oats to the acre.

Jacob Dresen is selling implements for Mat Dick this week, during the mayor's absence.

Zeb, the little son of Postmaster Misner, received a slight sunstroke Saturday evening but is now better.

Last week Al Meyer had the misfortune to run a nail into his foot. He is now, we are glad to learn, able to walk.

It may please some of our readers to learn that W. Blair, of Montesano, Washington Ty., formerly of this place has been succeeded by his wife as postmaster.

Last week, O. B. Potter, living north of town, and who is one of Barton county's prosperous farmers, was obliged to kill his beautiful thoroughbred bull, on account of his being so vicious.

Otto Lebbin, living north-west of town, threshed out of his poorest wheat not less than 31 bushels to the acre, and M. Underwood, living in the same direction, says his poorest wheat yielded 40 bushels to the acre.

Carl Steinhof, late from Hesse Cassel, is in the city looking for a location. He was in the mercantile and manufacturing business in his former home. His family arrived Wednesday evening. He says he likes Kansas well, and will surely locate here.

Are we going to have a fair this fall? is the question asked on all sides. We have something to show, now let's show it. It is to the interest of all. The merchant as well as the farmer, and the fact is it benefits all. The farmers want one as bad and need it as much as Ellinwood does a hose company.

Fred Stommel called on us to-day and left as the largest cabbage head we have ever seen. It is fully three feet in circumference, and is on exhibition at this office. It was raised in V. S. Musil's garden. We wish to ask Mrs. Musil, who sent it to us, to accept our thanks. This is proof again that our soil is the best in America, and anything can be raised in it.

Holington "Dispatches."

Prairie chickens are said to be quite numerous this year.

A crop of volunteer wheat north of town has been threshed that averaged 25 bushels per acre.

A good rye crop, a good wheat crop, a good oat crop, a good hay crop, a good sorghum crop and a good corn crop is what makes us all rejoice this year.

D. O. Gray was in town Tuesday. He is running a threshing machine and says the way the wheat is turning out that has been threshed, the entire crop will average thirty bushels per acre.

John Bitner, who lives on Nick Cosman's farm in Wheatland township last week threshed 2971 bushels of No. 2 wheat from 100 acres of land, making an average of nearly 30 bushels per acre.

On Friday evening triplets, three boys, were born to Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilson. Two of the little ones died on Saturday and the third one on Tuesday. An occurrence of this kind is seldom recorded and it only goes to show how wonderfully prolific this part of Kansas is. Mrs. Wilson is getting along nicely.

At the school meeting this afternoon reports from the members of the board

were listened to and accepted. A levy of ten mills was made for teacher's fund and ten mills for incidental expenses. The district will have about \$900 to pay their teachers the coming school year. Geo. Orr was elected director for the ensuing term. The sentiment of the meeting was to have a good school the coming year and to use all the funds levied for the purpose.

Mr. Asa L. Corson, the genial day operator at the Me. Pacific depot in this city, and Miss Belle Amidon, one of our most popular young ladies, were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents in Holington on Tuesday evening, Rev. Watson, pastor of the M. E. church at Great Bend officiating. About twenty invited guests were present to witness the impressive ceremony. The bride and groom left on the 11:30 night train for Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden and other points of interest in the west.

Prepare for Them.

The roads running from the Missouri river west have authorized a series of "Harvest Excursions" from all territory east to all points in Kansas, etc. The rate will be one fare for the round trip and tickets will be sold on August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. Tickets will be limited to thirty days for the round trip and stop-over privileges will be allowed, either going or returning, within this limit. These tickets will be sold from all points west of and including St. Paul, Chicago and St. Louis and Mr. Geo. T. Nicholson, general passenger agent of the Santa Fe route informs us in a circular letter that he has good reasons to believe that these tickets will be sold by many lines throughout Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, the Southern States, etc. There will undoubtedly be a very heavy business, and it is simply a question of securing our share of these excursionists. The valley of the Arkansas is this year a marvel of fertility. It has become the garden spot of Kansas where such a thing as a crop failure will never be heard of. Draw the people of the east this way. Show them the future in store for this whole region by letting them see what has been done. With the thousands of acres of cheap land to draw from, our real estate agents and emigration societies should rustle around and get to business. Any station agent will receive and forward, free, to Geo. T. Nicholson, general passenger and ticket agent, Topeka, Kan., packages of pamphlets and other advertising matter and he will see that it is judiciously distributed throughout the territory from which these excursionists will run.—Kendall Boomer.

THE Boomer has sounded the proper note in the above, and it will be well for Barton county's friends to see that we are not behind in telling to the outside world the advantages we have. While our lands may not be as low priced as those of more western counties, they are the more valuable, because of this county having gone through the experimental or developing stage, and what we have is solid and reliable, and can be depended upon as a safe investment. Most of our people do not desire to sell; but there are some who have lands the best in the west which may be got at a figure that in another two or three years will appear very low indeed.

"As Ithem See Us."

President Harrison's home organ, the Indianapolis Journal, thus refers to Kansas:

"The People of Kansas are agitating the submission of an amendment to the constitution of striking out the prohibitory clause. Why not? The prohibitionists themselves are estopped from objecting. It is their theory, and not an incorrect one, that whenever any considerable number of citizens want to vote on a constitutional amendment they should have a chance. The people of Kansas have tried prohibition for the last ten years, and it is not unjust to any one to submit the continuance of such a measure to a vote of the people. If it is the success that many affirm, the people will not abandon it; if not, they will. Nothing has so much contributed to the unrest of the people of that state as the averments of the prohibitionists themselves. If prohibition is such a law that it cannot be enforced as other laws are, but must have a party behind it in order to its enforcement, the sooner it is abandoned the better. No other law requires such a backing."

Information Wanted.

LEOTI KA, JULY 27, 1889.—On the 16th of July, our son, Bert Willis, aged 17, left home, ostensibly to hunt work east of here. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his aggrieved parents, Geo. and Eliza Willis. Please address this paper or the Western Farmer, Leoti, Kansas.

IT HAS been said that whenever Harrison is in a dilemma he asks, "what did Cleveland do?" And then, if he wants to do right, imitates him as near as possible.

The Plain Country Mince Pies.

How fond of a heart are the mince pies of history. When fond recollection presents them to us, when fondness has grown weak, and the palate is a mystery. When something to please me the cook can not find. When puddings are sticky, and eclairs too sweet are. When souffles and timbales but cause me to ache. And parties are tame—then the best things to eat. Those pies of my childhood, which few now can make—Those succulent mince pies, those uncultured mince pies. Those plain country mince pies no French chef can bake.

Delicious the morsel O, priceless the treasure! Unless you are plagued with a feeble digestion. And find the indulgence too costly a pleasure. In which case your prudence considers the question. But viewed in the light of a toothsome collection. No human hands surely a better can make. Of spices and sweet it is just the perfection. Alas! for you, then, if you needs must eat cake. Those succulent mince pies, those uncultured mince pies. Those plain country mince pies no French chef can bake.

Once strong in youth's arrogance, rash and unfeeling. Scorned I the thought of dyspepsia so dire; But as I grow older I grow analytical. And deem it imprudent digestion to tire. That mince pie may give me a slight distention. Perhaps I must pause now, for good prudence. But on if it does, it is nobody's business. I reach out my plate and another slice take. Those succulent mince pies, those uncultured mince pies. Those plain country mince pies no French chef can bake.

—Dorothy Swift.

UNCLE BLACK'S LUCK.

"It's a poor place," said Mrs. Gore, looking helplessly around the dreary old farmhouse kitchen, as she stood there with one little child in her arms and another clinging to her skirts. "But I've always heard tell that beggars mustn't be choosers."

It was more than a year now since the Black Farm had been left to the mercy of the sun and rains, a deserted shell. People said that the old house was nearly a hundred years old. It certainly looked it, with that huge mass of chimney stacks, the sloping roof, the tiny-paned windows, and the long eaves, which seemed almost to touch your head as you crossed the mouldering threshold. But after Matthew Black had been lost at sea, and his old father had grown too feeble and infirm to work, the place had fallen to ruin, and the old man was, in country parlance, "abrown on the parish."

"Nobdy wanted to rent the house, which was mortgaged to Squire Sedley for an amount considerably beyond its value, neither was the Squire willing to make any repairs, so the lilac thickets grew up in rank clusters about the front door, the pears ripened and fell in the wilderness of a garden, and stray tramps slept now and then of a night on the floor of the old Black Farm house.

Until George Gore's little house took fire one windy night, and was burned to the ground, and Mrs. Gore, and her little ones could only escape with their lives.

"It's just our luck," said Mrs. Gore plaintively. "Just as you'd got your shoe-shop fitted up, and the new stock in here comes, and then comes the Providence and swallows up all we're worth in the world! I've almost a mind to give up!"

"Cheer up, mother," said George Gore, who had one of those elastic temperaments which are absolutely unquenchable. "It ain't so bad, you're safe, and so be I, and so are the dear little children! And we ain't none of us hurt. The good Lord be praised! And Squire Sedley will let me have this place for ten pounds a year. It's a little ruinous, to be sure, but we can make a room or so habitable at least; and it's warm weather, so we don't mind a loose place or so in the boards; and I can have a little garden, and there's a power of fruit down in the garden, if once we can dig the weeds out, and I can't make new shoes, I can at least get a job among the neighbors to cobble old ones. And you shan't starve Sylvie, neither you nor the children, my girl! Eh! Hello! Who's that?"

The Squire hemmed and hawed. "Wal," said he, "I hope it won't be no objection; but it's old Uncle Black! He will come here every day. He can't get over the notion that he lives here yet! They've done everything they can to keep him in the work-house, but he will wander over and sit by the hour on the door-stones!"

As he spoke, the shrivelled little figure of a very old man came slowly up the weed-grown path, leaning heavily on a stick. As he neared the door, and saw strange faces around him, he looked off his battered straw-hat, so that the wind blew his straggling silver hair about, with a strangely picturesque effect.

"You're welcome, ladies and gentlemen," said he, in a feeble, cracked voice, "kindly welcome. My son, Matthew, and his wife are somewhere about the place. I'm very old, and I can't talk much; but you're welcome."

So saying, he sat down on the sunny door-step, and the children crept softly to him, and looked wonderingly into his face.

"I'll speak to the relieving officer," said Squire Sedley. "They'll keep him locked up, so he won't trouble you."

"No they won't," said George Gore, bringing his big fist down on the wooden mantel; "not if I know it! Do you think I'm going to have the old creature bullied from pillar to post? Bless us! He's old, but he's got some sense here if he pleases, and there shan't no one prevent him. Who knows but what he may bring us luck?"

So it was settled that old Uncle Black should not be disturbed. He wandered about at his own will, and led the children to where the ripest blackberries grew and the tallest foxgloves swung their bells beside the garden wall. He sat by the hear with the baby in his arms, and crooned low songs to it; he came in to his meals as if he belonged there, saying a simple grace as if he were incumbent upon him to do all the hospitable honors.

and one night he did not go back to the workhouse at all. "He shall stay here," announced George Gore. "What signifies his bit and sup to an able bodied man like me? I may be old and forsaken one day myself, you know."

"George, you never did stop to calculate things," said Mrs. Gore, feebly. "There's some things as the Lord never meant us to calculate," said George, bluffly. "He calls me Mat, don't you hear? He thinks I'm his boy. And, please God, I'll take that boy's place to him."

So the weeks and months and years crept on, and old Uncle Black never knew that he was solitary and alone in the world. While George Gore toiled patiently on, striving always against a certain element which the sons of the East call "Kismet," and your stolid Englishman designates, in his simple parlance, "bad luck."

Squire Sedley pursued up his thin lips. "Gore is behind with his rent again," said he, in a neutralizing tone. "I couldn't afford to take in the whole neighborhood as a matter of charity. And the Railway Company have offered me a thousand pounds for the place, to turn into a goods yard; and I'd be a fool to keep on losin' money as I be now."

So that George Gore and his family were once more on the verge of being turned out, when, one stormy sunset, a stout, dark man came to the door—a man who had something indescribably foreign in his air and dress, whose features were partially concealed by a heavy white beard.

"Folks at home?" said he peering around with dark, keen eyes, which raised not a single auxiliary of the scene.

"Vell, they be now," said George Gore, who had moved his bench close to the window to take advantage of the light in the sky to mend Dr. Thorne's calf-skin shoe; "but there's no tellin' how long they will be if Squire Sedley sells out to the new Railroad Corporation."

"Eh?" said the stranger. "This farm? To the Railroad Corporation? Ain't that something new?"

"Praps you're a stranger herabouts," said George, driving his awl energetically into the leather. "Praps you don't know that this is the old Black place, and that Matthew Black was lost at sea and Lord knows how many years ago, and that his old father was put in the workhouse."

"In the workhouse! In the workhouse!" repeated the stranger. "Is old Elihu Black on the parish?"

"He was, until me and my wife took him back here," explained George. "He never understood how things was, and came here every day, just as if his folks had the place yet; so we took him here to live—poor old man! and made him as comfortable as we could."

And that's him now settin' by the fire." "Without any invitation the stranger crossed the threshold, and seizing George Gore's hand, rang it heartily. "God bless you!" said he. "God look mercifully upon you when you too, are old and feeble! for I am Matthew Black, come home from the far East, and Elihu is my father; and I'd ha' been here long ago if I'd ha' thought it had come to this!"

"Eh!" said George Gore, dropping his awl and awl both. "Why, you was lost at sea, off the brig Sarah Mary, in the China Sea."

"Wrecked, but not lost," said Matthew Black. "And I began the world over again in the East. I couldn't be so to come home penniless; and then I heard, the Lord knows how, that the folks were all dead; so, says I to myself, what's the use? And then things prospered with me, and everything I touched turned into money, and a great longing came upon me to see the old home again before I died; so here I am. And my father—"

Without any invitation the stranger crossed the threshold, and seizing George Gore's hand, rang it heartily. "God bless you!" said he. "God look mercifully upon you when you too, are old and feeble! for I am Matthew Black, come home from the far East, and Elihu is my father; and I'd ha' been here long ago if I'd ha' thought it had come to this!"

"That is my son Matthew," said he. "My son who has been very good to me."

And he fell once more to staring into the fire. After this nothing could shake his firm belief that Matthew was an impostor, and George Gore his son and protector.

Matthew Black drew a long sigh that was like a groan. "I wish I was well with old black all in vain," said he, "after dreaming of it all these years."

He remained only a week, and then went away again. "I don't know how or when I shall come back," said he to Mrs. Gore. "But I've come back all in yours, I bought it, and settled it hard and fast on you. And father is to have an allowance and remain here always. But money can't pay for all you've done for him, and—"

"Stop!" cried George Gore. "We must talk about this ere a bit. Wo—"

But, muttering something about being too late for the train, Matthew Black took himself away and vanished.

Three months afterwards there came authentic tidings of his death at sea, and then it transpired that George Gore and his family were his heirs, with only the charge of a life maintenance for poor old Uncle Elihu.

And the neighbors marvelled at the good fortune which had attended the stalwart shoemaker.

"It was quite true what you said, George," said Mrs. Gore, bursting into tears. "Uncle Elihu has brought us luck."

"That's a beautiful ebony cane you have got, Nickleby."

"Yes, it's a nice stick, but it's shape is against it. If I place it on the bar counter it will roll to the end of the counter or it will fall off on the floor. In that respect it is very inconvenient."

"Yes, it must be inconvenient, Nickleby, to a man like you. You ought to have a square cane, one that, when placed on the bar counter, will remain in its position for hours."—Ewok.

VICTORIA'S GRANDCHILDREN.

How She Proposes to Provide for Them Without Costing Herself Anything.

It is in contemplation, says Le-bouchere in the London Truth, to cut down the salaries of the lord chamberlain and the lord steward from £2,000 each to £500 each, the master of the horse is to be reduced from £2,500 to £800, and the captains of the gentlemen at arms and the yeomen of the guard respectively are to be dealt with in a similar way. It is certainly preposterous that wealthy peers should receive large salaries for performing ornamental duties at court, and their "perquisites" are also very handsome. The duke of Portland, for example, gets £2,500 a year with the use of a suitable number of the royal carriages, horses, and servants.

I hear that it is also intended to deprive eight lords in waiting of their salaries of £70 a year each, or rather simply to pay them the certain sum for every turn of duty, which in many cases would mean no emolument whatever, as the queen never requires the attendance of a lord-in-waiting during her residence at Osborne and Balmoral. The chapel royal, which cost about £12,000 a year, are also to be considerably reduced, and it is in contemplation to abolish the royal hunt altogether—a reform which, I take it, would meet with very general approval. The sincere parliamentary friends of treasurer and controller of the household (£900 a year each) will be amalgamated and the salaries cut down to one of £500; and a similar course will be taken with the posts of vice chamberlain and comptroller, the former of which is parliamentary and the latter permanent.

Moreover, the permanent offices in the household are to be dealt with in a similar way, and in the meantime, pending the delivery of the "secret and confidential" report of the commission, no official of any kind are to be filled up—not even the vacancies in the body-guard.

The result of all these changes, when they come into operation, will be a very large annual saving; and I am informed that instead of this money coming back to the country it is to be appropriated by privy purse with the ostensible object of making a provision for the queen's grandchildren. What with her majesty's own accumulations during the last forty-eight years, for saving commences directly after Prince Albert's arrival in the country, and his immense fortune, and the quarter of a million which Mr. Liefteld to the queen, I should say that there must already be ample funds to provide most liberally for the Connaught, Christian, Albany, and Batemburg families, who are the only ones in need of assistance.

It strikes me as doubtful, however, whether these changes can be made without the consent of parliament. The amount requisite for the civil list were reported on by a committee of the house of commons, and an amount was arrived at by an estimate of the total required to meet certain charges which were deemed part and parcel of the attributes of royalty. If these charges are no longer incurred it is obvious that, on honest grounds, if not of law, the amounts saved should go into the national exchequer.

GLORIOUS CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Country Great in Extent and Rich in Its Possibilities.

The five republics of Central America jointly embrace an area of about 300,000 square miles; or, in other words, are as large as France, Germany, and the Netherlands combined. "If which no less than nine-tenths still remain national property, and it may be said that scarcely one-hundredth part of it at all is effectively settled. This land is admirably adapted for raising live stock, and for agricultural enterprise, producing in remarkable abundance and of superior quality all fruits found in the torrid zone as well as those of the temperate, requiring no fertilizing agents and rendering a sure and magnificent compensation for labor and capital invested. It is, besides, furrowed in all directions by a countless number of permanent swift-flowing rivulets that might easily be availed of either for the purpose of irrigation or as a cheap and continuous motive-power for any kind of machinery. There are also good many large rivers of deep drain and slow current that with equal facility might be made to serve as a way of economic and speedy communication between the interior of the country and its coast, thus affording a well planned and economical investment for the products and the bulk of the trade. And there is a series of large and small lakes that might be connected with one another and with some of the navigable rivers by a system of canals, the construction of which presents no difficulties of engineering nor the prospect of a considerable expenditure. Furthermore, says a writer in the New Orleans Picayune, the banks of those rivers and lakes, together with large portions of the adjoining lands abound in rubber trees, fine and dye woods, sassafras, vanilla, and many other precious and spontaneous products that might be exported with alluring profit. And above all the mineral wealth is really extraordinary and exceeds all description, the deposits of gold, silver, copper, magnetic iron, and lead being innumerable, rich in quantity and quality, and it may be properly added, inexhaustible. In this respect, as in many others, pointing to the natural wealth of Honduras is unquestionably entitled to the foremost place.

The climate, generally speaking, is of the mildest and most healthful, those deadly fevers that have won so dreadful a fame for the isthmus of Panama, the Andes, and parts of the Gulf of Mexico being almost unknown there. Except during the rainy season the temperature is uniformly dry and comfortable, never being either very cold or excessively warm, and save a few places on the summits of the higher mountains, where the thermometer falls to about 32 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature is seldom lower than 55 degrees in winter or higher than 85 degrees in summer, it being only on the little over happens to be occasionally reached.